

triumphed, for they had supper a little after 3 o'clock, and the pastor found no opportunity for the Gospel.

The pastor was invited to preach in a neighboring town. Every family felt that to entertain him meant a big supper and a nice breakfast. They were not able to prepare these and quartered him at a good hotel. He was well fed, but he had no opportunity to find out what sort of a sermon was needed by those people. He retired without the privilege of family prayer. (Let every family call on the visiting minister for prayer). He arose to breathe the air of secularity that pervades hotel life, when around him were the guests reading the Sunday papers, or discussing the last game of baseball. His soul was chilled. How could he preach? He longed for a bowl of bread and milk in some Christian home, where he could feel the Spirit's presence. But no one had offered him that. He must find spiritual fire. He went to a Methodist Sunday-school, to find it. Then with a warmed heart, he spoke the message of love from the pulpit.

Later, he went to a country church to preach at "early candle-lighting." Of course, they gave him supper; they spread twenty-five dishes before him. He must taste of them all; then he found his voice choked and incapable of clearness. He was obliged to go out and walk to undo the effect of that delightful meal.

Once more he has an appointment at his country church. Mr. and Mrs. E. have a two-room cottage, with an attic. "Madam, I want to come to your house next Saturday night, but I am not willing to turn you out of your room. If you will let me occupy the attic room, I will come." She wanted a chance to tell him her troubles and to ask advice. His proposition made it easy for her and she found herself the gainer by his visit.

From these homely illustrations let us learn how best to "entertain the minister."

PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES.

Roman Catholic journals and Roman Catholic people are sometimes heard in bitter denunciation of John Calvin, in connection with the Michael Servetus case. It would be well for them to be very quiet on the subject. Even if everything be true that is said of Calvin in connection with that incident, even if the blackest hue be left on the name of the great Reformer, the fact should not be forgotten that Servetus was condemned by the Roman Catholic Church, that he has waiting his doom in the prison of Vienna, in France, and that he succeeded in escaping from that prison, and took refuge in Geneva, though officially warned not to come to that place. His coming to Geneva was his belief that in that place, owing to the then prevailing power of the Libertine party, he would be safer than anywhere else. He was a fomentor of political trouble as well as the blasphemous advocate of evil doctrines, and for this as well as for his active promulgation of evil, he was warned to keep out of Geneva. He had been condemned already by the Roman Church.

What's gone, and what's past help
Should be past grief. —Shakespeare.

Devotional and Selections

A LAST PRAYER.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;

So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I had sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win;

So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save;
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task thou hast;
Let me repentant work for thee!

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE.

It was one hour before sundown on a cloudy, drizzly afternoon. I had my double umbrella, black inside and white outside, but had closed it over my hand without clasping it, to go through a narrow opening in the bushes. I had crossed a little open grass plot of a few rods, and was just entering a narrow footpath through the mountain jungle, that would take me down to the east foot of the mountain, where I was to meet my pony.

Suddenly a tiger sprang into the path, and disputed passage. I saw at once what he wanted; only great hunger impels these tigers to come out during the day. He had had no breakfast, and wanted missionary meat for supper. I did not wish him to have it. I had an appointment for that evening with the people of three villages, and wished to keep it.

It is always best if a scrimmage is to take place to be the attacking party. When I was a boy I had gone out among an Indian tribe in Michigan, and learned their war whoop. Springing forward, I raised this war whoop, and at the same time suddenly opened my double umbrella. Springing aside, over a bush, into the open ground, he made for the crest of the hill. Straight as an arrow he went through a crevice in the hill. About twenty feet down on the other side I knew he would strike on grassy ground, and the slope from there led down to a little stream, which my path again crossed, less than a quarter of a mile below. I scrambled up the hill to the crevice and saw the tiger trotting down the slope, but looking around every now and then, evidently wondering whether he had done a wise thing in running away.

Putting my head with its big, white sun hat into the opening, I once more raised the war whoop. Down the tiger dashed again with speed. When his pace slackened, I repeated the operation, and on he dashed, and so continued until he entered the woods on the opposite side of the valley. Then I turned and wended my way to the foot of the hill, mounted my pony and kept my appointment.—Dr. Jacob Chamberlain's Story of Missionary Life.